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January 2, 1960

NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

MERRY CHRISTMAS

To (come on now, everybody) Eleanor Roosevelt

and (we said everybody) the United Nations

and—and (conscientious objectors may be excused)

Adam Clayton Powell Jr.

From the Saints

and Sinners

at National Review

Articles and Reviews by · · ALOISE BUCKLEY HEATH
JAMES BURNHAM · L. BRENT BOZELL · J. P. McFADDEN
JOHN CHAMBERLAIN · JOAN DIDION · FRANCIS RUSSELL

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TOWN HOUSE MOTEL, High Point, North Carolina
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SIMMONS COMPANY
EXECUTIVE OFFICES – NEW YORK, N.Y.

REPLY TO
MERCHANDISE MART PLAZA
CHICAGO 54, ILLINOIS

February 16, 1959

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MILIUM DIVISION
Deering, Milliken & Co., Inc.
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New York 18, N. Y.

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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

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For the Record

Tom Dewey's haste to dine with Vice President Nixon right after Governor Rockefeller's latest pulse-taking trip touched off Washington rumors that Dewey wants to get an option for Nelson on the ticket's second spot. . . . Latest polls indicate it's a "solid West" for the GOP so far as Presidential prospects are concerned. . . . Congressional staff members taking a look at possible "payola" in book publishing industry. Best-seller lists may get a long overdue screening.

Informed French opinion expects an Algerian "cease fire" to be negotiated before Khrushchev visit to Paris. Both sides held back on peace talks until adjournment of UN General Assembly (for different reasons). . . . Semi-official French news agency (Agence France Press) estimates rebels suffered 120,000 killed, 60,000 imprisoned in first five years Algerian war. French killed listed as 10,000. . . . Since Tunisia and Morocco got their independence five years ago, 110,000 French-origin families have left for metropolitan France.

Enemies of Walter Reuther working behind scenes to build public reputation for Joe Beirne of Communication Workers. The reason: to make Beirne, a CIO man but more moderate than Reuther, a logical successor to AFL-CIO President George Meany when he retires. AFL-CIO News reports that emergency AFL-CIO legislative conference, first scheduled for Washington in mid-January, will not be held until early spring. . . . U. S. Government farm surplus holdings hit new all-time high at end of October—of $9.2 billion. . . . New York State Civil Defense Director claims there is little scientific basis for certain of the radioactive phenomena described in the nuclear holocaust film On the Beach. In plain words: it's a phony.

Far East intelligence sources report intensified Red Chinese military buildup, renewing fears of 1960 military moves in Southeast Asia. . . . Non-Communist parties in Indian state of Kerala now planning to merge slates for January election to prevent another Communist victory.

Season's Greeting: Christmas present from Venezeulan Defense Minister Lopez Henriques to each of his eleven fellow cabinet members: one submachine gun, 1,000 rounds of ammunition.

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The WEEK

THE STAR of Bethlehem, which once caught up the civilized world in joy, recedes from the sight of the millions upon millions who, waiting and praying these many years, are ripe for despair. The Christians on the dark side of the Iron Curtain—and they still number in the tens and scores of millions—have spent lifetimes waiting upon deliverance, and every year that goes by, they have reason to believe that their fate is less and less a concern of that part of Christendom where the light of Bethlehem still shines.

But that is a paradox, surely? How can the spirit of Christmas be with any of us, without engendering a more purposive compassion for the spiritually oppressed? Has Christmas become for us merely a Mammonized and antic holiday, one of these excuses, evenly spaced throughout the calendar, for a day's rest from our workaday concerns? Can it be that the brightness of the Bethlehem Star is diminishing equally on both sides of the Iron Curtain, that the despair of the East is in exact correspondence with the sloth of the West—that they are organically interconnected, that the currents go back and forth at a level deeper than that to which the Iron Curtain descends?

Mr. Eisenhower, symbol of the West, is a Christian. The idolater, Khrushchev, is the revolution's spokesman. They speak of coming to terms. Neither suggests that those terms will hold out any relief for the writhing multitude who live under Communism. The light of Bethlehem is not reflected through the West to the dark places of the world: the light does not reach them. Their hope, for Christmas, is in the spirit, where rests secure against pogroms, secret police, and Summit conferences, the knowledge of a supreme historical occasion whose meaning is ultimate deliverance. They shall inherit the earth, even if they never have a Merry Christmas.

• So we're going to have a full mountain range, not just a Summit. We're rather relieved, to tell the truth. With an unending series of Summits stretching ahead, the Western delegates will feel easier about "postponing decisions"; there will always be another conference ahead. Remembering Teheran, Yalta, Potsdam and Geneva, we'd say of East-West Summits: no decisions are the best decisions.

• Harvard Professors J. Kenneth Galbraith and Arthur Schlesinger Jr. have found something else to be indignant about, something close to home. It is their outraged contention that their university has in recent years discriminated against "Democrats" in favor of "Republicans" in handing out honorary degrees. Their case seems to rest on the fact that Harvard, in a lapse into sobriety, has not yet doctored Eleanor Roosevelt, Adlai Stevenson or Harry Truman, or four other Democrats the professors expressly mention. A study of the honors list of the last ten years shows honorary degrees for the following conservatives—to use a more revealing distinction than Republican-Democrat (after all, Cyrus Eaton is a Republican; Harry Byrd a Democrat): Douglas Dillon, Robert Murphy, Alfred Gruenther, Neil McElroy, George Humphrey, Sinclair Weeks, John Foster Dulles. And the Liberals: Charles Wyzanski, John Cowles, Felix Frankfurter, John Kennedy, Joseph Clark, Grenville Clark, Warren Austin, Dean Acheson, Ralph Bunche, Clinton Golden. About even, that is. Not the sort of balance to which the professors, in the coziness of the Harvard departments of history and economics, have become accustomed.

• Communists, we all know these days, are simply human like us, with a somewhat different point of view. They've got their system, Mr. Nixon and Mr. Khrushchev both tell us, and we've got ours. All we have to do is to understand each other and coexist together. Thus there is an ugly ring of stridency in the latest news dispatch from Munich, where Radio Free Europe (which carries on a dialogue with our fellow humans across the Curtain) reports a Communist attempt at mass poisoning of its employees. The murder plan had a frightening simplicity: a vice consul at the Czechoslovakian consulate in Salzburg arranged to poison all the salt barrels—and hence the salt in the table shakers—in the RFE employee cafeteria. American counter-intelligence got wind of the plan, discovered the poison, and closed down the cafeteria until it could be decontaminated. It is not the only try made by our fellow humans at silencing Radio Free Europe. There have been attempted kidnappings, forged documents, tetrahedron nails strewn near employee vehicles, etc. What's known as competitive coexistence.

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• *Calculated Risks*: A new outfit, appropriately named the Constellation Life Insurance Company, has offered to insure the lives of America's seven astronauts at just a $5 premium per $1,000 over normal rates. *Their* chances of survival look better to the actuaries than those of certain recent Soviet defectors who have found it impossible to get any sort of policy from anyone, not even Lloyds.

• Remember? It was only yesterday—or a few months ago, anyway—that New York's Governor (all intrepid jaw and steel-blue glinting eyes) told us he would let the opinion polls decide about his Presidential candidacy. If he saw on the political horizon a gathering Rockefeller groundswell storming toward the White House, if he heard the massed Voice of the People summoning him, he would do his duty by his Party and his country. Well, the groundswell has been a trickle, and the Voice a faint whisper. The public opinion polls have failed to pulse with voter passion for the man with the desperate smile and the fumbling strategy. It is by now apparent that no one will draft Nelson Rockefeller in 1960, except Nelson Rockefeller. And this, by all the rules of planned news leaks, he is just about ready to do.

• *Wordless Commentary on the Passion for Fluoridated Water, Statistical and/or Otherwise*: Four quotations from a feature article in the *Washington Daily News*: 1) "Americans who think fluoridated water is beneficial outnumber those who do not by three to one"; 2) "A recent national poll taken in the U.S. in 1957 . . . shows 53 per cent of the people think that fluoridation is beneficial"; 3) "Fluoridation has been defeated in local referendums more often than it has been approved. . . . Such referendums do not necessarily reflect what the majority want"; 4) "Objections to fluoridation, however unfounded, or unrealistic, strike a sympathetic chord in a sizable number of people." We promised to remain wordless.

• There's no question but that Borough President Hulan E. Jack, Manhattan's highest-paid ($25,000) elective Negro official, was indiscreet in accepting $5,500 from contractor Sidney J. Ungar, whether or not it was, as they both claim, a loan. Jack's culpability will be reviewed first by a grand jury. But the issue has other dimensions. Because Jack is a Negro, persecution was immediately charged. Several Harlem groups—including one headed by NR's favorite persecutee, the Rev. Adam Clayton Powell Jr.—issued manifestoes in Jack's defense, charging that his accusers are "phony liberals," "misery profiteers" and "northern-type bigots." They claim Hulan Jack was attacked because of his insistence on Harlem slum clearance. What is more likely is that Jack —a Carmine De Sapio protégé and supporter—has been snared in a Left trap set for Tammany boss De Sapio. It was the all-out integrationist *New York Post* which first broke the Hulan Jack story.

• The Czech State Bank has disclosed that bankers from a number of West European nations—including West Germany, France, Italy and Belgium—have offered Czechoslovakia long-term credits to finance imports of machinery. To fulfill her ambitious third Five Year Plan (1961-65), Czechoslovakia needs equipment for mines, power plants, metallurgical and chemical factories. Czechoslovakia is the only one of the captive nations that has maintained a sound credit standing. West European businessmen would like to make money selling to her; and the signal from Camp David grants them clear passage.

• Walter Williams, the last surviving veteran of the Civil War, is dead in Houston, Texas, at the age of 117. Thus, just short of the centennial year of the war itself, the last human link with the heroic epoch of America's greatest ordeal has disappeared. We honor Mr. Williams for what he represented—and note parenthetically that he was not a man to use the hifalutinisms of Madison Avenue or Diplomatic Row to describe himself. When asked to explain his role as "forage master" in General Hood's brigade, he answered, "I stole food, that's what."

• WHO SAYS NEGOTIATION DOESN'T WORK? DEPARTMENT: (From *New York Times*, Dec. 21, 1959): "Washington—Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru believes that increased U.S. aid to India is accepted as necessary by both sides. 'It is not a matter for argument,' Mr. Nehru declared."

Dreaming of a Right New Year

We realize that the President is too busy with his cosmic role of Peace Crusader, and Congress with the approach of the elections, to have much leisure for day-by-day problems of the domestic scene. Still, they may cast an occasional eye on our humdrum home troubles. On that chance, NATIONAL REVIEW offers for the New Year a few very modest domestic proposals:

1. *Labor.* A law applying the anti-monopoly principle to labor organization and labor contract negotiation.

2. *Defense establishment.* Rigorous pruning of wasteful practices, duplicating facilities, obsolescent units and agencies, along with full speed development of invulnerable retaliatory systems (nuclear missile submarines, railway missiles).

3. *Taxes.* Readjustment of the tax structure to minimize tax-deductible waste, encourage new in-

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vestment, and stimulate higher productivity at lower costs.

4. *Farm surplus.* First steps in a systematic program for reducing subsidy levels, withdrawing marginal producers from agriculture, and redirecting farm production toward control by the market instead of the central government.

5. *Decentralization.* Active steps, including "tax treaties," to take the federal government out of such fields as education, housing and medicine, and return them to the states, local communities and private associations.

The NATO Crisis

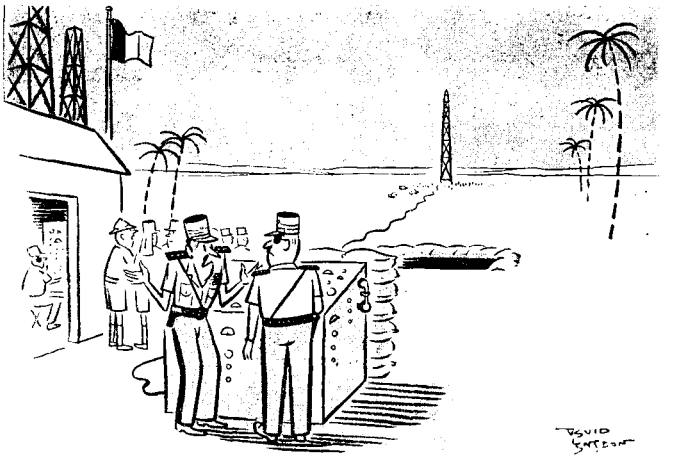
Early this month the military chieftains of the NATO powers met to review the record of SHAPE in moving toward the objectives set by M.C. 70, the secret revised military plan adopted by the Western alliance in 1957. In every major category they heard reports of lags and gaps. General Nathan F. Twining, Chairman of the U.S. Joint Chiefs of Staff, hit bluntly at our allies and most particularly at France for failure to meet commitments. He bitterly criticized France for her refusal to accept "military integration": that is, to subordinate French forces to the direct command of General Lauris Norstad, NATO's Supreme Commander.

The military chieftains were followed by the foreign ministers and these by the Western summiteers, with the same NATO problems passing for review in their political dimension.

NATO's present crisis, hardly concealed in the month's communiqués from the trio of meetings, is no longer a mere quantitative matter of delays in furnishing promised troops and equipment. It results from the fact that there is neither a clear military strategy nor a convincing international policy to guide NATO's development. Since the United States initiated NATO and has always controlled its command, this is equivalent to saying that the U.S. does not have a clear strategy or policy.

When NATO was founded in 1949 it expressed the U.S. monopoly of nuclear power. NATO meant that western Europe was being defended from a Russian takeover by the U.S. Strategic Air Command. NATO's local units, with American troops among them, were a screening force which could test the scale of a Russian attack and trigger SAC if western Europe proved to be the Russian target. It was appropriate that American strategy and an American general should command the allied armies in a European theater, because it was American power that was defending Europe.

As Russian nuclear capability built up, the early



©*Punch, Ben Roth*

"Somehow, even 'Cinq, quatre, trois, deux, un . . .' doesn't sound right."

NATO conception was gradually modified and dissolved, but no other coherent idea has replaced it. One-sided deterrence from a position of dominance gave way to reciprocal deterrence by the two sides' "retaliatory" forces. The possibilities of a long mass land war, in spite of nuclear weapons, and of limited nuclear warfare in central Europe, have been taken up half-heartedly, and half-heartedly translated into NATO planning.

Meanwhile it has come to seem less and less likely —though no formal decision has been made—that Washington would order strategic bombing of Russia because of a Soviet attack on western Europe. The NATO units are therefore no longer a sure trigger of SAC's planes and missiles.

On the other hand, the U.S. *might* launch nuclear weapons—including those based on western European soil but under U.S. control—for reasons having nothing specifically to do with Europe; and one consequence might be Russian nuclear retaliation on West Europe, from which the bombs came.

If the U.S. is no longer the secure shield of Europe, why should European nations submit to a U.S. military command? Why should they allow Washington to decide by and for itself when the H-bombs shall be used? Why should they add to their risks when there is no clear proof that thereby they gain? Above all, why should they undertake costly and perhaps adventurist military projects when the Khrushchev-Eisenhower rapprochement suggests a U.S.-Russian deal, very possibly at Europe's expense? How can General Twining and Secretary Herter demand that they keep tense while the boss of Twining and Herter is telling them, by his actions as well as words, that everybody's tensions are easing?

These are the questions, asked most intransigently by General de Gaulle, that have provoked the NATO

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crisis. The crisis will not be solved until our government is ready to give these questions the only answer they admit: a resolute military and political strategy, adequate to meet the Soviet challenge, and in time to reduce Soviet power to a point from which it can no longer threaten the security of the United States or the peace of the world. There is no reason to expect Europe to be serious about the Soviet threat, until we are.

Year One, A.C.

Fidel Castro's Revolution is one year old. Only one year ago that the *barbudos* swarmed into Havana with submachine guns under their arms; that the American press, enthralled with its savage and glorious child, bannered the latest exploits of the mottled Messiah; that the Central Intelligence Agency, inscrutably self-satisfied with its role in the ousting of Batista, turned its attention elsewhere.

Government by carnival was quick to disillusion. The kangaroo courts, the mobocratic trials, the retribution so brutal it transmuted justice into bloodlust—these outrages squeezed a few drops in indignation from the dry duct of our moral sense, and the American press took tentatively to its typewriter.

Then Castro came to the United States, where professors and politicians feted him, Harvard and Harlem cheered him; where this khakied package of Caribbean charisma seemed to symbolize a self-assurance which had gone (lamentably) out of our lives. He promised to atone for his extravagances; we believed him. And we thought: perhaps Latin America will no longer be the preserve of petty emperors.

And now: our businesses in Cuba have been expropriated; our citizens have been arrested; our Ambassador has been humiliated; our nation has been accused of lies and murder. The moderate men of Cuba—journalists, professors, military men, lawyers, labor leaders, students—have been booted from office, reviled, jailed, and often executed. The Cuban Provisional Government has sought no mandate from the people in free elections. It has refused to pay its debts. It has gratuitously attacked Panama and threatened a half dozen other South American nations. It has preached hate and Marxism in its schools and its diplomacy.

The Communists are taking over: Raúl Castro commands the army; "Che" Guevara runs the economy; Party members control the schools. This week come reports that Castro has ordered students, waiters, barbers, shoeshine boys, elevator operators and clerks to become informers, reporting any anti-revolutionary statements made by their customers. "The customer," Castro told the press, "is always right—except when he attacks the Revolution."

Such are the processes of education that even the *New York Times* slouches finally toward truth, and now grasps it. Tad Szulc, an early Castro enthusiast, reports in a front-page series from Havana that bundles of anti-Castro newspapers burn in the streets; that the people are afraid to speak; that there is an aspect of terror to every day; that the Cuban economy falters and the Communists grow stronger.

This is a new year. Perhaps Castro will not survive it. Among our hopeful thoughts for the new year, it may seem an intrusion to remember a man and ask a question. We remember, and question, nonetheless: where is Herbert L. Matthews, volunteer promoter and public relations agent for Castro's Revolution? What is he doing? For what new travesty tomorrow shall he play the happy Homer? His usually frequent by-line has been out of the *New York Times* these many months past. Without, of course, a word of apology or an explanation.

Of the Giant Breed

"Every man must be the keeper of his own conscience, at least to some extent." Thus, in the midst of a wartime strike in the coal fields, the leonine John L. Lewis, head of the United Mine Workers and creator of the CIO, dismissed the critics who, as usual, were yapping at his heels.

The imperious gesture has always been part of Mr. Lewis' stock in trade, and his resignation as UMW leader, which is to take effect next month, was couched in the usual lordly terms. Surveying the "rise" of the miners in the forty-year period of his embattled stewardship, Mr. Lewis gave ample proof that his conscience is serene. "The years have been long," he said in his farewell speech to his miners, "and individual burdens oppressive, yet progress has been great. At first, your wages were low, your hours long, your labor perilous, your health disregarded, your children without opportunity, your union weak, your fellow citizens and public representatives indifferent to your wrongs; today, because of your fortitude and deep loyalty to your union, your wages are the highest in the land, your working hours the lowest, your safety more assured, your health more guarded, your old age protected, your children equal in opportunity with their generation, and your union strong. . ."

In plain cash terms, Mr. Lewis' miners jumped from $2.50 to $24 a day in the period bracketed by his presidency of the union. The truly significant thing about this tremendous rise in the miners' affluence is that it has been accomplished without the featherbedding that has been so common in other unions. Lewis has always been a champion of mech-

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anization and "automation" in the coal fields; he has always been willing to allow marginal mines to go out of production.

There are some who say that Mr. Lewis should have his long personal dictatorship over the miners on his conscience. Others think he should have at least a few qualms because of the violence that frequently marked his battling for such despotic devices as the closed shop. In his zeal to keep coal mining in America from going the obsolescent way of mining in Britain, however, Lewis has been the main force that kept his industry in healthy competition with oil, natural gas and electricity generated by water power. Here his conscience can be as unspotted as the snow on Snowden in his ancestral Wales.

Lewis goes out of office with the good will not only of his rank and file but of the operators who once belligerently opposed him. Says D. W. Buchanan Sr., board chairman of the Old Ben Coal Corp. of Illinois, "He is the greatest labor leader this country has ever had."

Must Rocky Sell All?

Speaking to a Wisconsin audience last week, Nelson Rockefeller promised that in the event he were to become President he would divest himself of any securities that might lead to a "conflict of interests." Then, in a couple of well-taken afterthoughts, he indicated that our traditional approach to the whole subject of "conflict of interests" in the case of an elected official with a stock portfolio is a trifle silly.

We agree with Mr. Rockefeller wholeheartedly—in this instance. Suppose Mr. Rockefeller, as a Presidential candidate, were to divest himself of every last penny of his Standard Oil holdings? Would that make him any less—or any more—likely to take one side or the other in a dispute, say, that involved the U. S. oil position in the Middle East? No matter what the state of his investment portfolio, Mr. Rockefeller would have to balance his integrity against the possibility that his old family ties might be an unconscious factor in his decision.

In Mr. Rockefeller's particular case, the man has to keep his money in *something*. If he were to put it under the mattress, the investment capital of the nation would be vastly impaired; if, on the other hand, he were to put it in government bonds, he might not be able to act with complete impartiality on any matter involving inflation and the government debt. Any Rockefeller's resources must remain in industry, if we are not to risk a stock market crash (one reporter jokingly asked to be tipped off the day before Rocky decided to sell). If the nation doesn't trust Mr. Rockefeller with or without his investment portfolio, it had better not make him President in the first place.

Notes and Asides

What to Think about 1959?

At NATIONAL REVIEW, *we have a Perennial Pessimist and his counterpart, Mr. Silverlining. We heard recently a conversation between the two at which an effort was made to sum up the year 1959. It went like this:*

P. P.: Clearly, it was a disastrous year. There was the death of Dulles—followed before the body was cold, by the invitation to Khrushchev.

Mr. S.: True—but consider what didn't happen that might have. Khrushchev's ultimatum on Berlin blew up, so to speak, in his face. *Berlin remains free* —so, for that matter, do Quemoy and Matsu . . .

P. P.: And Tibet? And what of the offensive in Laos? India? The pro-Communism in Cuba under the leftist madman, sponsored by Herbert Matthews of the *Times?*

Mr. S.: By the way, have you noticed that Herbert Matthews hasn't made a public appearance since his last whitewash of Castro? Could it be the *Times* is finally embarrassed? . . .

P. P.: Not embarrassed enough to come out for an investigation of the death of Bang-Jensen, probably the year's greatest personal tragedy.

Mr. S.: Yes, it is always individual people on whom we depend, individual people sustained by their faith. How shocked the world was when Dulles *did* resign—and what a funeral he had. Only weeks, incidentally, after the dedication of a commanding monument to another man unappreciated while living —and now, by vote of the Senate, Robert Taft is declared one of the five greatest senators in history. Look at Bracken Lee's comeback to win the mayoralty in Salt Lake City. Then there is Mayor Miriani telling Kozlov to stay away from Detroit, and Mayor Poulson of Los Angeles expressing to Khrushchev's face the sorrow decent men feel for the Soviet subjects.

P. P.: Maybe our individuals will fight on, but what of the great institutional movements that are on the march? Consider the growth of pacifism— marked by the victimization of Lewis Strauss and the whole year without nuclear testing. Consider, domestically, the recent manifesto of the Democratic Advisory Council calling for the socialization of practically everything . . .

Mr. S.: But if you must talk about movements, you must mention counter-movements, symbolized,

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for instance, by the continued prestige of de Gaulle, by the defeat of the British Socialists, the disavowal of Karl Marx by the German Social Democrats; the failure of the rabidly Democratic 85th Congress to put over the extremes of its inflationary program; the passage of a reasonably strong labor bill; the appearance of a plethora of important conservative books—to mention only the authors who appear on this masthead, books by Buckley, Burnham, Chamberlain, Chodorov, Kenner; to expand to include those writing for NATIONAL REVIEW, new books by W. H. Chamberlin, Dos Passos, Eastman, Hazlitt, Peterson, Possony, Strausz-Hupé—doesn't all this add up to a conservative counter-current?

P. P.: (smiling patronizingly): Saddest of all, my friend, is thine own misunderstanding. This is the age of cowardice, of retreat from principle, of deficient understanding, of the vapidities of Mr. Eisenhower, the hypocrisies of Charles Van Doren, the . . .

Mr. S.: Ascendancy of NATIONAL REVIEW?

P. P.: What did you say?

Mr. S.: I said, did you know the current issues of NATIONAL REVIEW and NATIONAL REVIEW BULLETIN will be going to the largest number of subscribers in our history?

P. P.: That proves it. You win. Happy New Year.

Mr. S.: Happy, *happy* New Year.

For those observant readers who will undoubtedly notice that this issue, Vol. VIII, No. 1, is slimmer than its predecessor, this explanation. Our hard-working printers, who took a half holiday on Christmas Eve, informed us they could, a) print a 32-pager for us, and mail it after Christmas or, b) print a 24-pager and get it in the mail by December 23. We chose b). The next magazine will have 32 pages as usual.

Erratum: In Mr. Noel E. Parmentel Jr's article, "Chix, Kix, Pix Nix" [Dec. 5] it was erroneously reported that Mr. Arthur Goldsmith had attended the New Yorkers For Nixon opening.

Our Contributors: PAM, JOHN, PRISCILLA and BUCKLEY ("The True Sprit of Christmas"), Nos. 2-5 of the (1-10) children of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin W. Heath of West Hartford, Connecticut, say writing for NATIONAL REVIEW is cinchy. In fact, they're all thinking of growing up to be writers except that Pam wants to know first, does it mean that you have to look all glassy-eyed and dazed all the time, and not be able to answer perfectly reasonable questions, and say (loudly) "Now, children, can't you see I'm busy? GET OUT . . ." like their mother does? . . . because she might just decide to be a RAVING BEAUTY instead.

One Man's Advice to the FCC

Excerpts from a statement by William F. Buckley Jr. before the Federal Communications Commission, Washington, D.C., December 10, 1959

I understand you to be engaged in an attempt to crystallize public concern over the quality of television fare and the lackadaisical morality of those in the industry who are seized by a compulsive desire to fashion the definitive television program that 170 million Americans will tune in on. Your challenge, it seems to me, extends beyond your curiosity to ascertain exactly what it is that you disapprove of. You are called upon to exhibit a considerable self-discipline in the face of the tumultuous resentments that scandals and mediocrity have fed. Yet beyond self-restraint, there is, I think, a positive step you can take.

You will be bombarded, I assume, by protests against the produce of the television industry. The protests tend to be just, though many that I have seen are overdrawn. As a matter of fact, I would myself undertake to approach a television set blindfolded and select by chance a station, and endure the program for the entire evening in preference to spending an equivalent amount of time reading some of the published works of some of television's most adamant critics. We cannot, after all, neglect to consider the challenge television has undertaken. It is more formidable by far than that of Scheherazade the slave girl, who, after all, was given a respite after her thousand and first tale. In undertaking to entertain us—indeed, to give us a choice of entertainment—every day and night of every week of every month of every year, television has undertaken a job it simply cannot do to everyone's satisfaction.

I saw it somewhere estimated a few years ago that if all the movies made by Hollywood between 1930 and 1950 were run end to end, the marathon would last less than 15,000 hours; and yet over the same span of time a *single* television station is committed to providing entertainment for as many as 160,000 hours. Even so, granting the insurmountable challenge, let us hastily concede that they could do better, judged from the point of view of the muses, and direct our thoughts to seeking out relief through emancipation from the dictatorship of Madison Avenue.

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But first, what of the shady practices we have recently learned about? What is there to be done about it? Can one ask politicians to pass convincing laws against misrepresentation? I tend to believe that to guard us against the kind of thing Charles Van Doren did, we can only depend on the public conscience, whose sensitivity it is not within your power or Congress' to control. It is a mistake, it seems to me, to attempt to legislate what is after all merely one's innate sense of decency, and respect for the opinions of mankind. To assign to a federal agency responsibility for the integrity of television shows is to designate a supernumerary monitor over the national conscience. There are to begin with grave constitutional questions involved in the arrogation of the power necessary to regulate the behavior of public performers, even when they use facilities that are publicly licensed; but apart from the technical difficulties, there is the sheer unwisdom of passing yet another law against man's caddishness. Charles Van Doren was, after all, fired by Columbia and NBC. The television and radio industry, we are happy to note, are convulsed by the shame and humiliation of the quiz shows.

Whether the public shock will generate a sustained pressure for reform, we cannot know, though we are, alas, entitled to be skeptical. The victimized public already shows signs of viewing the commotion with an urbane cynicism that is directly related to the incidence of fraud and public misrepresentation. (The same day Charles Van Doren was exposed, Adlai Stevenson said he was not running for the Presidency.) The Revlon Company's secret poll reveals that only ten per cent of the customers it attracted through its quiz show will express their resentment against the fraud imposed upon them by boycotting Revlon products.

In such a climate, one tends to view lightly the rhetorical excesses of a cosmetics manufacturer, and even the misrepresentations of a Columbia professor. The people are hard to outrage, and the reasons why this is so, in our day and age, are, I should think it would be generally conceded, not for the members of the Federal Communications Commission to worry about in their *public* capacity.

I pass quickly to the cultural problem, about which I think you are in a position to take swift and effective action.

I urge, to begin with, that you resist the call which has been made by at least one eminent public figure, to nationalize any part of the television industry. It is not the job of government to produce television programs. Let us face it, the United States Congress is not Lorenzo the Magnificent. Publicly sponsored circuses are hallmarks of societies different in conception from our own. I make this primarily as a political judgment, believing as I do that in a democratic society the springs of human activity lie in the private domain; but I make it also as an aesthetic judgment. It is tempting to gaze up at the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel and sigh for publicly sponsored art. But it is necessary, whatever the political circumstance, to gaze at some of the offsetting monstrosities the state has built. A long walk around the castle of Mafra in Portugal. Or—to return to the modern context—a long day with the British Broadcasting Company. Any day will do; they are all long.

The trick is to fuse artistic ingenuity with individual enterprise, and this can be done with Pay-TV. You are not Maecenas, gentlemen, but you *can* endow American television—by liberating it from the mass-measurers; by permitting those who are willing to bet on the existence of thousands of people hungry for first-quality entertainment to place their bet. Maybe the enterprisers who have been knocking at your door for several years are wrong—as it is so widely suggested. Maybe there are not enough Americans willing to pay for their TV. But let them prove *themselves* wrong: it is their money, not ours, that they are staking. I urge you to penetrate the sophistries that have prevented us from authorizing private groups to compete for the listener's attention and for the dollar that goes into advertising—by making their bargain direct with the consumer. There is surely no ingenuity to match that of the man who is bent on rationalizing what is in his commercial interest.

Executives of big television stations are much concerned over the alleged right of the public to free access to anything that is transmitted over the air. I do not follow their reasoning, any more than I would that of a man who contended that we should all have free access to any electricity that is generated from Niagara Falls because the Falls are publicly owned. It costs money to send images through the air waves, as it does to transform water power into electricity, and someone has to put up that money. The argument that the advertiser should put it up is, as far as I can see, wholly arbitrary. Why is it any more logical that the advertiser should pay, than that the consumer should pay? As a matter of fact, it can persuasively be held that the existing arrangement is considerably less consistent with American traditions than the alternative one: but that is not the point today. No one is suggesting the elimination of regular TV. The indicated solution is to let the wretched individual choose for himself—which means granting channels to petitioners willing to give the consumer a choice.

I respectfully plead, gentlemen, that you let private individuals and associations and private concerns do for us what they can. All you need to do is open the door. The key is in your hands.

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NATIONAL TRENDS

L. BRENT BOZELL

What Gives With Rocky, II

Several weeks ago this column groped for an understanding of Nelson Rockefeller's foreign policy. No speculation about the Governor's motives and plans can be complete, however, without taking into account a recent book by one of his close advisers, Mr. Emmet Hughes. The author of *America the Vincible* (Doubleday, $3.95) is a *Time-Life* man and also a former ghost and adviser to Dwight Eisenhower. Hughes is now a Rockefeller speech-writer and, one suspects, does other chores as well.

There are a number of reasons why it is unwise to discount the presence of Hughes. For one, Rockefeller is not likely to retain on his staff a public figure with distinctive foreign policy views that are different from his own. It might prove embarrassing. Conversely, Hughes is not the man (he doesn't need the job) to hire himself out to a politician who will ignore the substance of his views. Hughes regards himself as a political thinker, whose mission is to influence policy as well as provide language for it. His break with Eisenhower, he hints very broadly, was due to the President's failure to share his insights into foreign policy. Finally, Hughes' sheer literary talents are not all that obvious. At least not from the stilted, turgid prose that graces this book.

America the Vincible takes valid issue with much that is timid and purposeless and self-defeating in current U.S. policy. But don't be misled: it is a collaborationist book. Anyone who thinks that apt criticism of Eisenhowerism is a conservative monopoly has sworn off reading Liberal literature for the last seven years: Liberals, too, have seen that Administration policy is not going anywhere and can, as Mr. Hughes has done, document the indictment. The interesting question is where the critics would have the policy go. It is the *direction* Hughes takes that has warmed the hearts of such as Arthur Schlesinger, Theodore White and Ralph McGill and roused their enthusiastic support for his book.

In his final chapter Hughes has some concrete advice for his new boss. First, some preliminary points: 1) We must dispense with hostile "gestures" toward Communist regimes, such as trade boycotts and denials of recognition. Specifically, we must re-examine our policy toward Red China "at some appropriate future date"—a sentiment that found its way into one of Rockefeller's Oregon speeches in practically those very words.

2) We must have a bigger economic aid program. Why? Because we "are commanded to understand, with clarity and urgency, that the slums of the world—from Calcutta to Havana, from Manila to Nairobi . . . will largely decree who will reside in the palaces and chancelleries of power through all the capitals of great nations. . . ." The thought, if not the prose, was familiar to the Governor long before he met Hughes.

3) We must take Africa in hand. Hughes' formula may be a bit hazy—*e.g.*, we must create "a group of African Institutes, supported and staffed by American funds and teachers, [which] could become a schoolground for a continent." But it is fair warning that when Rockefeller does unveil his Africa Plan, it will be in scale. Like Williamsburg.

Deal with the USSR

And then down to business. Here is Hughes' main thesis, the central recommendation for which the rest of the book is largely prologue. The U.S., he says, must seek a negotiated settlement with the Soviet Union in Europe. The settlement must be based on a mutual withdrawal of troops—the Soviet Union's from East Europe and ours from all of Europe—and on a permanent division of the two Germanies. Such a deal is feasible, he argues, because it is in the interest of both parties—in the Soviets' because their desire for disarmament cannot be satisfied until their security is assured; in ours because Western security does not depend on the presence of American troops in Europe but on the absence of Soviet troops. George Kennan, of course, is familiar with the arguments: he and advocates of "disengagement" have been parading them through the West for three years.

But Hughes is equally insistent on what he calls the "manner" of going after settlement, and it is here that his counsel might help that "image of leadership" that Madison Avenue holds indispensable to a successful candidate. We must not, he writes, present "the sight of an America, sulking and suspicious, dragged by allies, subordinate in power, to the conference table. . . . We must *lead* the West to that encounter . . . not by merely awaiting and accepting—but by inviting and directing. . . ." Nor, on the other hand, can we afford to let other nations' misgivings over "bilateral negotiation" get in our way: Though "such leadership may stir . . . suspicion among allies . . . an air of discord through the West," we must be prepared to go "single and alone [to a] political rendezvous that America alone and no other nation can keep."

These, then, are the clothes in which Hughes would like to dress his chief. It is easy to visualize Rockefeller in them: the bold, imaginative leader, whose confident initiative will sweep aside the superstition and petty suspicion that has stood in the way of a Cold War settlement; a man who can convert what many Americans would consider a stunning defeat into a shining victory; who can surrender, as some would view the policy, with his chin up.

Last week, Rockefeller showed no signs of assuming the role. In a foreign policy speech in Milwaukee that put forth both Hughes' phrases ("the world must be made safe for diversity") and his thought, the Governor said that the U.S. must "invite and urge" negotiations with the Soviet Union. The speech was a far cry from his earlier coolness toward the Soviets. And this may be only the beginning: while Rockefeller will continue to make anti-Soviet noises in response to the stern realities of politics, expect him, as time goes on, to ease gently into the Hughesian mold.

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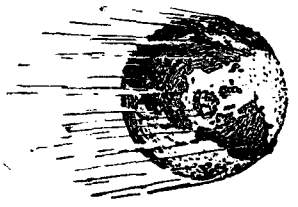

Are We Really In Danger?

JAMES BURNHAM

In spite of the oceans of words about atom bombs, total war and the end of mankind that have flooded the country for the past fifteen years, it is obvious that neither we citizens of the United States nor our political leaders really believe that we are in any acute military danger. If we really believed in a genuine threat of nuclear war, our conduct would be very different from the present pattern.

If the President really believed in the war danger, he would not call war "unthinkable." He would not permit the Secretary of the Treasury and the Budget Director to decide the limits and development rate of our military apparatus, as happened at Augusta just prior to his global departure. He would, instead, order the Chiefs of Staff to provide everything needed to secure the nation against the danger; and would then instruct Mr. Anderson and Mr. Stans to find budgetary and fiscal measures adequate to finance the required military level.

Many members of the Democratic opposition and several of the Democratic candidates for the Presidency talk volubly about the danger. They denounce the Eisenhower Administration for neglecting our defenses, permitting "the missile gap," and so on. But none of them really means what he says. If he did, he could not simultaneously promise, as all of them promise, higher government subsidies for everything from medicine to music, cheap credit *and* lowered taxes.

But we ordinary citizens do not really believe in the danger, either. If we did, we would not permit our leaders to act as they do, nor would we demand special governmental favors for whatever interest group we happen to belong to. We would insist on a sufficient military counter to the danger. We would be ready to accept our fair share of the costs—in cancelled handouts, higher taxes, harder work. Those of us who live outside the big cities would be building fallout shelters—a relatively cheap and easy task which could save millions of lives in the event of nuclear attack.

Cloud of Unreason

The most extreme statements of the peril have been spread by an obsessed crew of pacifists and global ideologists, under clever Communist prompting. Their spiced-up rhetoric has served to disorient or even dull the general public's alarm rather than to arouse and direct it toward some sort of rational response to the objective facts. The Pugwash-*Saturday Review-Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists* crowd threatens us and all the world with total annihilation—an apocalyptic message that the movie, *On the Beach,* is now vulgarizing for the masses of seventeen great cities of the West. Our natural enough reaction tends to be either a shrug that means, "Well if it's that bad, there's obviously nothing to do about it," or moral surrender.

Now the fact is that, though nuclear weapons may theoretically be able to annihilate all mankind, there is no present likelihood that *as used for military purposes* they would do so. If it were certain, or even highly probable, that mankind were going to be destroyed once the H-bombs dropped, that would be a fairly solid guarantee against such action. The destructive prospect of nuclear weapons, though much greater than that of previous weapons, is substantially *less* than total. That is precisely why there is a realistic chance that someone will use them.

It is not easy to grasp the exact nature of the military danger itself, or of the ways of meeting it.

Both the United States and Russia now possess bombs that have, individually, an explosive power greater than the combined power of all bombs dropped throughout the Second World War by all combatants. A single bomb can destroy a large target, even without accurate placement. To give direct protection to the targets of an attack, it would therefore be necessary to make a 100 per cent kill of oncoming bomb vehicles—not to speak of bombs that may have been smuggled into the target area by secret agents. With present defensive devices, this is impossible. If one side or the other initiate a nuclear strike, it will do immense damage. That is absolutely certain.

The Will and the Way

Direct defense is at present impossible, but the strategic problem is not therefore insoluble. The breach is filled by the indirect defensive system based on the sophisticated concept of "deterrence." The enemy does not strike because he believes that if he did, we would strike back with a destructive effort he judges to be inacceptable. The principle of course works both ways. *Notice that there can be no "deterrence" unless the enemy believes that we would be both able and willing to strike back.*

We would be *able* to strike back only if a sufficient portion of our own striking force is invulnerable to any attack that the enemy can mount.

We would be *willing* to strike back only if the pacifist illusions and coexistence deceptions do not prevail among us.

If the enemy believes *either* that our striking force has become vulnerable to an attack within his capability *or* that our will to strike back has dissolved, then he will be in a correct strategic posture to attack. And if he can attack, he will and must. His own principles as well as the logic of nuclear weapons demand it; indeed, he would be immoral in terms of his principles if he failed to seize the chance that history offered. It is a problem of mechanics, not of "intentions."

Under the Administration's defense policy, our striking force will become over the next several years more rather than less vulnerable relative to the enemy's. Under current ideological leads from on high and underminings from below, our national will to strike back becomes weaker rather than more resolute.

These two facts suggest how real the military danger is, and at the same time what needs to be done to meet it.

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The True Sprit of Christmas

Wherein the children of Aloise B. Heath find the United Nations Declaration of the Rights of the Child to be a GREAT Step Forward!

PAM, JOHN, PRISCILLA and BUCKLEY

Many persons our ages of 12, 10, 8, 6 think the sprit of Christmas is about toys and presents instead of about the real sprit. These persons are inmature and childless. As will be seen.

Today at Assembly, everybody got a copy and got read to, the UN Declaration of the Rights of the Child, which turned out it was the Christmas present from the United Nations to all the children in the world, also which Pam, 12, and John, 10, have to write down about constructively and Priscilla, 8, and Buckley, 6, be prepared to explane in there own words by Monday. This is our free-thinking thoughts, for nothing is black and white but grey.

The first part, before the Principles start, is very oratory and good except for puctuation (commas not periods after paragraphs) and reptitous (absolutely 5 paragraphs in a row begin with "Whereas.") Persons that are always tearing down, tearing down would probbly mock this instead of saying the United Nations did pretty good, spelling the long words this composition is absolutely full of.

PRINCIPLE I: *All children shall be entitled to these rights, without distinction or discrimination on account of race, color, sex, language, religion, political or other opinion, property, birth or other status, whether of himself or of his family.* Those who *think* will easly see that who their talking about is none other but the U.S. of America (world smelting pot), for in other countries from us (Europe, England, Russia, Wildest Africa, etc. etc. etc.) there isn't enough different population from the main to do discrimination at. (Except by inmost feelings, hard to wipe out, unforch.)

Why do they drag in sex, one asks ourself? Because the United Nations regard sex purely, like dictionaries, where sex is if you are a boy or a girl (you can look it up)—not the reason children are not allowed to see practicly every movie in the whole world. It is a well-none fact that most parents comitt discrimination on children by sex (by wether they are male sex or female sex, other words.) Ex:—: Sataday mornings, boys (M. sex) have to clean out cars in a ice-cold subzero gerage, wile girls (F. sex) only have to vacume warm & cozy carpets. And yet again about color (sometimes meening race, but they already said race in this PRINCIPLE so they now meen color.); Why? Because, Ex:—: Some persons, who dirt shows on more than other persons because of there snow white color are all the time getting it in the neck (like parents saying: "Good God, your angkles"!! venial sin) when that happens to be the exact night one washed *with soap!* All this shall end.

One thing the United Nations forgot:—: discrimination by age, like:—Ex:—In 2 years, could Pam, now age 12 drive a car in S. Carolina? Yes!! In Conn.? No!! Could Jim, our brother of 14 marry Linda who he loves in India? Yes!! In Conn.? No.!! Showing that the UN forgot the main thing the child get's discriminated for. BUT: after all: nobodies perfect:

PRINCIPLE 2 (really getting going): *The child shall enjoy special protection and shall be given opportunities and facilities, by law and by other means, to enable him to develop physically, mentally, morally, spiritually and socially in a healthy and normal manner and in conditions of freedom and dignity.* Their going to start some laws, and unless quite a few parents wise up, we happen to know quite a few parents (including by marrage) that will end up incarserated. Because when the UN finds out, surely soon, that every single child in the world spends absolutely the best years of his life from infantry to adultery sitting on a hard seat, bending his head over books that is rooning his eyes and with the most absolutely boaring stuff poaring, poaring, poaring into his ears. At the same time when they breathe *in* constantly sniffing germs of namonia, chicken pocks, nefritus so they practicly only dare breathe *out* (practicly impossible):—all of which contrary to health and freedom:—then the UN will edict that this situation must CEACE!

PRINCIPLE 3: *The Child shall be entitled from his birth to a name and a nationality.* This is also in the Sprit of Christmas because it portects children from being called Blooper and Kiki even when big, which can become absolutely humalating. Ex:—When John was born our brother Jim was 4 (dificult age) and Jim liked our Uncle Reid so he absolutely made every one call John "Uncle Reid" after him (Uncle Reid). Funny then, but how would John feel nowadays if Mrs. McLeod said in class: "Uncle Reid, suppose you take the next passage?" Like a fool. Principle 3 also portects people from the fate of Philip Nolan, who had to live on boats and not have a nationality for having got mad at the Government once, tho not till grown-up. But children's fate, through the passage of years is to become grown-up or else dead. So look before you leap, which the UN does.

PRINCIPLE 4: *The child shall enjoy the benefits of social security. He shall be entitled to grow up and develop in health; to this end special care and protection shall be provided both to him and to his mother, including adequate prenatal and postnatal care.* This sounds like mostly for Mothers, but *think, think,* just exactly where would children be with-

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out prenatal mothers? NOWHERE. And prenatal fathers are not so absolutely necessary. The First Nowell would have been in a sanidary, recently-modernized hospital if people had only had the UN then. The Massacre of the Holy Innocents would be absolutely an object of forbiddance and mortal sin, under penalty of the law.

PRINCIPLE 5: *The child who is physically, mentally or socially handicapped shall be given the special treatment, education and care required by his particular condition.* In the instersts of the questioning mind, one has to admit that this principle is hard: because:—"physically handicapped" means crippled and those children, they say, have to go to special schools for crippled children:—"mentally handicapped" means retarded, and those children have to go to special schools for retarded children:—"socially handicapped" means Negro in the South but, as is well-known, those children have to come *out* of special schools for Negro children in the South. Does that make sense for physicals and mentals to go *in* yet for socials to come *out*? Not that who are we to critisise, never less, may be grown-ups should clarify there thinking on the topic.

PRINCIPLE 6: *The child for the full and harmonious development of his personality, needs love and understanding. He shall, wherever possible, grow up in the care and under the responsibility of his parents, and in any case in an atmosphere of affection and of moral and material security. Payment of state and other assistance toward the maintenance of children of large families is desirable.* This one may seem to say a lot of things one already knew, like "love and understanding," etc. etc. etc., but the important thing after all, is that it is still on the side of children, other words: sprit of Christmas. One may well ask ourself, although, about assisting (paying) people of large families (personally in our favor), which if they do, they have to make there mind up about populations exploding. For, besides the joys of parenthood, if you get paid too, where will it all end?

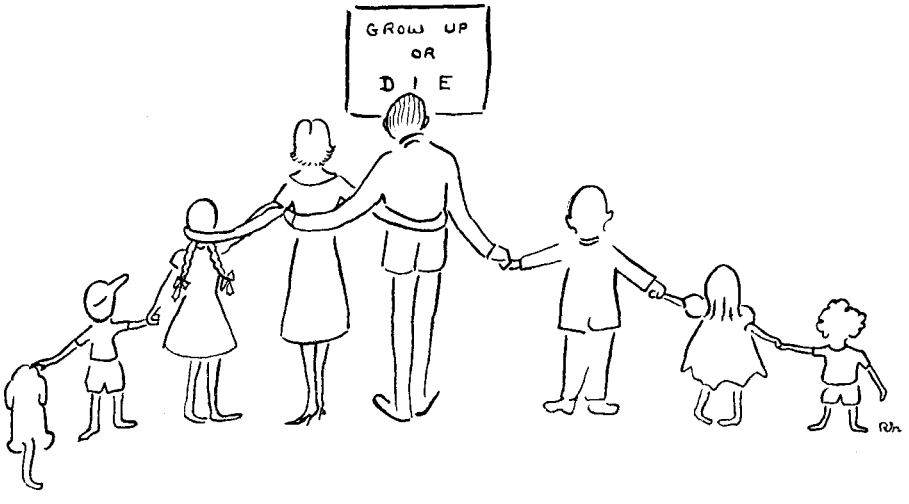
PRINCIPLE 7: *The child shall be given an education which will promote his general culture and enable him on a basis of equal opportunity to develop his abilities. The child shall have full opportunity for play and recreation, which shall be directed to the same purposes as education;* It is hard to see how the UN missed the things wrong in this, unless there wrist was getting tired from writting. *Wrong thing No. A*:—There absolutely just isn't anything equal in people's opportunity to learn culture that would be general. Like in West Hartford, U.S.A., culture is French, Mythology, Music, Hiawatha, and things like that, but in Wildest Africa culture is Hunting lions, Shrinking heads, Building huts of clay and wattles made, and things like that, none of which there is any of in West Hartford. (Even if their was some way this could be arranged, it would not be very fair to Wildest Africa children.) *Wrong thing No. B*:—(the part about play and recreation). Unforch, as even the dumbest know, play and recreation that is directed always turns out into one thing:—RELAY RACES.

PRINCIPLE 8: *The child shall in all circumstances be among the first to receive protection and relief.* Vere dignum et justum est (altar boy's joke by John). Others, except priests, look it up.

PRINCIPLE 9: *The child shall be protected against all forms of neglect, cruelty and exploitation. He shall not be the subject of traffic in any form.* (It is a known fact that sometimes children run right strate across *without* looking *both* ways. *Think*: nothing is black and white: all is grey.) Next part: *The child shall not be admitted to employment before an appropriate minimum age.* This is one of the most absolutely Sprit of Christmaslike things the UN ever said in its life. For NOTE: —Employment means working for *money*. How far far worse indeed, therefore, is the involatary slavitude children have to do Satadays, not only for *no* money, but not getting their riteful allowance if they don't. This also shall be changed by law.

PRINCIPLE 10: *The child shall be brought up in a spirit of understanding, tolerance, friendship among peoples, peace and universal brotherhood, in full consciousness that his energy and talents should be devoted to the service of his fellow men.* These sweet and nobble words show how the Uniteds have even *improved* the Sprit of Christmas. For in olden days, you were supposed to love your fellow men (even the ones you couldn't stand) yet use your energy and talents for you and yours, which you had to, the world being such a mess. In our day, you only have to have a sprit of tolerance, friendship, etc. etc. etc., and even that you only have among peopleS, much more practical than among peoplE, if you get our meaning (see letters we put in capitals). Also, the new laws of the Goverments of the UN will take care of like nutrition, housing and other postnatal care of you and yours, so there will be nothing left to do *except* be devoted to the service of your fellow men.

Thus we see, the UN Declaration of Rights of the Child is in the true sprit of Christmas, and also cinchy.



Composed by Pamela, John, Priscilla and, sometimes, Buckley Heath

Typed by their mother

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from HERE *to* THERE

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Do-It by Government Culture

My two friendly enemies, Professors Arthur Schlesinger Jr. and J. Kenneth Galbraith of Harvard, who persist in thinking that I am "incurably and agelessly romantic" (I quote from a Galbraith letter), have come out, as Democrats, for a "qualitative liberalism" to replace the old quantitative liberalism of the Rooseveltian epoch. They note that America, by and large, is eating well, and there seem to be plenty of jobs—so many, in fact, that the steelworkers can spurn an average of three bucks and more an hour for weeks on end. But the quality of life doesn't seem to be taken care of by individual budgets. Therefore, let us tax and spend not to spread comforts, but to add to the esthetic and cultural advantages that should be available to everybody.

Well, you can't really quarrel with Schlesinger and Galbraith for wanting to see slums cleared up, or for advocating more and better schools, cheaper medical attention and an end to billboards and the disease known as "urban sprawl." But it puts too great a burden upon my imagination to think of government as a guarantor of quality.

Aha, so the Schlesinger-Galbraith school will say, there was Pericles! There was Augustus Caesar. They were "government"—and they left priceless public monuments to superior taste. There were the Medici, the Venetian doges, and the Bourbon kings. Much of the splendor of the world has been assembled and put into place by governments.

Ah, yes. But they were aristocrats and/or autocrats who did all this. They got their training in taste in private schools for the most part. And I don't see that Schlesinger and Galbraith have found a Pericles or even a Medici to run for President. Even if they found one, he probably couldn't get the votes.

Granted that there is something to the Schlesinger-Galbraith idea that the landscape could be improved, it is the individual who elevates taste, and private property sets better standards than public. When government takes over it puts its ineradicable "public" and "institutional" stamp on most things. The mammoth apartment houses that grow out of slum clearance projects make me think of prisons: if I must live in New York, give me an old brownstone. The new "acres of glass" style that is favored for schools and public buildings looked better when it was left in the domain of private factory architecture. Since the government is apparently in roads and schools and city hall buildings for keeps, I'm not really complaining about the quality we now have: it's better than what Mortimer Smith calls Early Carbarn and apparently it's what the people want in their collective common denominator preference. But what bothers me is that Schlesinger and Galbraith want to extend the role of government. In doing this they would not only ruin us esthetically—they would also dry up the sources of energy that now pay the bills for the minimum of government which, for our sins, we must have.

Tail Fins as Symbols

Professor Galbraith doesn't like tail fins on cars. They are "Madison Avenue." He wouldn't abolish them by edict, but he would tax them out of existence indirectly by seizing the private income that now goes for the more expensive Chryslers in order to spend it on schools, hospitals and slum clearance—the so-called "social budget." The queer thing about all this is that it is the hated tail fins (considered symbolically) that yield the surplus for the social budget we now have. If Detroit doesn't prosper, whole regions fall into economic paralysis—and no city hall anywhere can raise the money it needs for even a minimal "social budget."

Galbraith assails Madison Avenue for stirring unnecessary "marginal desires" into loud and lusty howls for satisfaction. But if people didn't buy the "unnecessary" things that are advertised, there would be smaller incomes and fewer transactions to be taxed—and the "social budget" would shrink correspondingly.

To support a social budget of the elephantine proportions deemed "qualitatively" necessary by Schlesinger and Galbraith, we would have to manufacture and sell far more gadgets and knickknacks than now appear on the market. For no matter how taxes are levied, they remain a function of the productive system of the nation. No production, no taxes (unless the government wishes to ordain a capital levy, which would mean no taxes the *next* time around). So considered, Madison Avenue is absolutely essential to a high tax system. It would really have to go to town if the new "qualitative liberalism" of Schlesinger and Galbraith is to become the wave of the future.

As an old partisan of Henry David Thoreau, I tremble at the prospect. It's not that I mind tail fins on cars for those who want them. Nor do I care who looks at what program on the television screen. *De gustibus, et cetera.* But I would hate to see further multiplication of inessentials merely to provide Schlesinger and Galbraith with more tax money; before you know it, they'll have us all living in a public museum. If and when the economy is expanded, I want to keep my increased share in it for some private "qualitative liberalism" of my own. And it's none of Professor Galbraith's business whether I buy a Cadillac, a Mercedes Benz or a bicycle, or elect to stay home and give the money to the birds. (Strictly between us, Dear Reader, I'd like to be on time before I die with some "qualitative liberalism" for the septic tank man or the dentist. As things stand, the existing "social budget" always seems to get ahead of the more gentlemanly type of creditors.)

My own program? Give Yellowstone Park to the Union Pacific Railroad, with an "easement" to prevent its subdivision or resale. Out of their experience with Sun Valley, the Union Pacific management would give the people a better shake on accommodations. And the scenic wonders would remain the same.

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Conservatives as Philosophers

During the Liberal Era—extending, say, from about 1830 to 1930, or a few years later—the great conservative thinkers were neglected or misinterpreted. Now we live in a different time, an age as yet without a name, in which conservative and collectivistic forces contend against each other. Benthamite liberalism and Jacobin liberalism, though they survive in holes and nooks, and have their delayed-action explosions in such strange corners of the world as Java, are intellectually and politically sunk into decay.

For a century, men seem to have been unable to understand or appreciate the great philosophers of a conservative bent, Edmund Burke and Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Much of the criticism of these thinkers, whether friendly or hostile, was founded upon a misapprehension of their first principles. And to this day, neither Burke nor Coleridge has become the subject of a full-length, first-rate biography.

But our climate of opinion is being altered; old truths are being resurrected; and critical scholarship is beginning to reflect a growing serious interest in the literary champions of tradition, normality, and prescription. Coleridge and Burke have come within the cognizance of the university presses and the learned societies. Among recent important publications of this sort are the first volume of what is to be Burke's complete *Correspondence,* edited by Thomas Copeland (University of Chicago Press); J. T. Boulton's scholarly edition of Burke's *Philosophical Enquiry into the Origin of our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful* (Columbia University Press); James Baker's critical study *The Sacred River: Coleridge's Theory of the Imagination* (Louisiana State University Press); and Kathleen Coburn's handsome edition of Coleridge's *Notebooks,* of which the first double-volume now is in print (Pantheon Books, for the Bollingen Series).

In the past two years, Burke's *Sublime and Beautiful* has been often referred to by anti-conservative critics, seeking to diminish Burke's present influence upon the serious public. These critics have derived their notions from a passing remark of Dr. Leo Strauss', in his *Natural Right and History,* that in his *Sublime and Beautiful* Burke is strongly influenced by British sensualism and empiricism. The observation is true enough; but what Professor Strauss did not mention, and what other critics seem to be ignorant of, is that Burke's first book, published at the inception of his career, is not the work of the genius of 1789. I should dislike having my juvenile productions brought up as a test of my convictions in maturity, and so, I suspect, might Mr. Strauss. For all this, the *Sublime and Beautiful* is an interesting book, and readers will learn from Mr. Boulton's introductory essay much about Burke's early thought. Burke became a leader of party almost by accident, and Goldsmith thought that Burke gave up to party what he owed to mankind. As matters turned out, it was well for our civilization that Burke entered practical politics, rather than becoming a professor of moral philosophy or esthetics; he became a great political philosopher through the writing of tracts.

Mr. Baker's book on Coleridge as philosopher, critic and psychologist is a careful and illuminating study. As Mr. Baker writes of a passage (1805) in Coleridge's notebooks, "Here we witness an introspection that is not the introverted turning of the neurotic into the neural entrails of his personal dilemma, nor Narcissus gazing at his own reflection, but an inward that finds the outward a manifestation of the extra-temporal or eternal." In Miss Coburn's wonderfully thorough first volume of these notebooks, the reader will find passage after passage to justify Mr. Baker's observation. (This first volume, by the way, covers the years from 1794 to 1804, the period during which Coleridge turned from his early Revolutionary sympathies toward an imaginative conservatism.)

Most of us know Coleridge as a poet, and Burke as a political orator. Yet their great achievement was in the realm of philosophy. "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner" and "Kubla Khan" are beautiful poems, but they only hint at the power of their author's mind. Our age needs to read his *Constitution of Church and State, Aids to Reflection,* and *Table Talk.* For, like Coleridge, we now live in a time of disillusion, hoping for restoration of the enduring things. What Jacobinism and its false claims were to Coleridge's generation, Communism and its false claims have been to us. Coleridge's "France: an Ode," steeped in the spirit of Burke, has a new meaning for our time:

> The Sensual and the Dark rebel in vain,
> Slaves by their own compulsion! In mad game
> They burst their manacles and wear the name
> Of Freedom, graven on a heavier chain.

It is no accident that the great rhetorician and the great poet—Cicero and Burke, Dante and Coleridge—have adhered to what is called "classical" political theory, bearing the mark of Plato. For the higher reason and the higher intuition tell them that this inferior world, here below—this imperfect human society—is tolerable only when it is governed in accord with the laws and the model of the superior world, the being which transcends time and space.

Homer is "the blind man who sees": the poet's vision is the highest faculty of man. Coleridge's analysis of the imagination reminds us of this ancient truth, which the rationalists and positivists and materialists have hidden from us, this past century and more, behind their dull and dispiriting treatises. Rebelling against this servitude to nineteenth-century thought, some of the rising generation among us already have turned to Burke for their first principles; and some soon will read Coleridge with surprise and reverence. And those who read will make their mark, I think, in the age which is dawning. For it still is true that imagination rules the world.

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Laid on the Line

JAMES BURNHAM

If, ten years ago, you had been asked to name serious American studies of strategy, you would have started briskly with Alfred Thayer Mahan on sea power; continued, maybe, with Nicolas Spykman on geopolitics (though recalling doubtfully that he was born Dutch); and trailed off with mumbled mention of analyses of the Civil War. We had little interest in strategy: partly because our national strategy had been, most of the time, so clearly dictated by the facts of our geography and history; partly because we prefer to cast a moralistic, sentimental veil over the realities of power.

H-bombs and the end of continental immunity have shaken us out of our strategic slumber. New weapons systems brandished over a world swept by social revolution pose brutal alternatives among which there is no pat choice. We begin to think about the history, principles and problems of strategy. The armed services have transformed their institutions for higher military education. Research courses on strategy creep into the universities. Newspapers print more frequent military comment, some of it quite good.

We gradually construct a strategic literature. Much of this is worthless: journalistic trash, partisan tracts, ideological drivel. Even the best of it smells too much of Ph.D.'s, research grants and committee-prose. But a foundation is being laid. A widening proportion of the educated community is becoming accustomed to think in terms of strategic concepts. We have not yet produced a Clausewitz, but the best of this new strategic literature has moved out of the intellectual basement: books like, for example, Henry A. Kissinger's *Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy;* Robert E. Osgood's *Limited War;* Bernard Brodie's *Strategy in the Missile Age;* and *Protracted Conflict,* by Robert Strausz-Hupé and associates at the Foreign Policy Research Institute.

OSKAR MORGENSTERN'S *The Question of National Defense* (Random House, $3.95) is a brilliant, provocative, erratic and sometimes annoying addition to this growing verbal stockpile. The author is a mathematician and a Princeton professor of Political Economy, as well as consultant to AEC and the Military Applications Subcommittee of the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy. With the late John von Neumann he wrote the famous *The Theory of Games and Economic Behavior.*

The theory of games is an attempt to develop a mathematical analysis of "strategic situations": situations, involving two or more "players," wherein the outcome involves factors of choice and bluff that cannot be handled by "classical" probability. Poker, competitive business enterprise and war are conspicuous examples.

Beginning in the last war the theory of games has been applied to a good many tactical and logistic military problems. Although grand strategy is beyond the theory's present stage of precise mathematical development, Professor Morgenstern does make in this new book what might be called a qualitative application of the theory's general approach and principles to the world conflict between the Soviet and Western power centers.

He introduces two fundamental assumptions: 1) "to attribute to the enemy at least our own strength (in regard to retaliatory power) and at least our own knowledge about nuclear weapons"; 2) to reason as if the enemy's choices were the best possible from his standpoint. The first is a material assumption stated without discussion. The second is a methodological principle which the theory of games proves to be the correct basis for developing optimum strategy even if the assumption itself is counter to fact: that is, even if the opponent does in fact make mistakes.

FROM THIS starting line Professor Morgenstern goes on to marshal and analyze relevant data. His critique of current doctrine and practice is devastating, and fearful. Moreover, he dares, sometimes arrogantly, to give unambiguous answers. I shall let the book define itself by a scattered sampling:

On Khrushchev's intentions: *"Only the capabilities of the hostile opponents count—and nothing else."*

On the U.S. deterrent-retaliatory force: It is now exposed to total destruction. The optimum solution would rest primarily on the "oceanic system": a hundred or more missile-bearing nuclear submarines, plus nuclear powered seaplanes, both sets of vehicles moving on random courses.

On "passive defense": "Not even the paper plans for civil defense are worth anything." We should immediately construct fallout shelters, which could save fifty million lives, and a skeleton "sub-economy" immune to nuclear attack.

On nuclear weapons and limited warfare: "The idea that *any* atomic weapon, *any* atomic explosion is a disaster of a magnitude that the world cannot stand . . . is, of course, unmitigated nonsense. It is, however, carefully nurtured by Communist propaganda. . . . It is supported by the spontaneous reaction of vaguely informed people. . . . But this country must not be duped into accepting a policy that will unquestionably mean the loss of the whole free Western world to the Communist Moloch."

On research: Two widespread be-

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liefs . . . help prevent our making a greater effort:

"(a) we are technologically more advanced than any other country;

"(b) technological changes and improvements always work to our advantage.

"Both beliefs are false."

On our economic potential: "What we need to do is to place a greater burden on our economy in order to secure the type of military strength we need most. . . . *The true limit of the burden is the willingness of the people to carry it. The defense we need is the defense we can afford.* . . . Deficits can be avoided by the simple expedient of increasing taxes and reducing other expenditures."

On secrecy: "Russia does not tell us anything unless it is by virtue of a careful design. . . . The government [of the U.S.] and the military services hand out on a silver platter information thousands of times more valuable than any network of spies could uncover. . . . There has never been an indiscretion, let alone a betrayal of secrets, from the members of [the congressional] Subcommittee on Military Applications, where the most sensitive matters are discussed freely. . . . Russia has published a list of U.S. atomic tests. . . . No amount of measuring done by Russia within her own country, her satellites or on the open seas could have disclosed all American test shots. Thus it is clear that the evidence was obtained from spies working in the U.S."

On negotiations: *"Always talk with the enemy . . . even in war.* . . . In politics one sits down with murderers. It does not matter whether negotiations are tedious, boring, frustrating."

On political warfare: "The stalemate in strategic capabilities pushes the conflict into the limited-war area, and [then] to the economic and finally to the political area. . . . Fifth column, subversion, infiltration are some of the techniques. . . . Their peculiarity in the present struggle is that they are used only by the Communists. . . . We have not instigated internal dissatisfactions in satellite countries, trying to pry them loose; we did not lift one single finger when the great revolt occurred in Eastern Germany in 1953 or when Hungary tried forcefully to throw off the Russian yoke in 1956."

On yielding: "Widespread death and destruction are a certainty if a large-scale war is our fate. But it would take a man with great power of illusion to see an acceptable alternative in surrender, or to see surrender in a better light than death."

The conclusion: "The probability of a large thermonuclear war occurring appears to be significantly larger than the probability of its not occurring.

"Will at least those probabilities be reversed?"

Forthright War Diary

J. P. McFADDEN

According to regulations, no British officer may keep a diary in wartime. When Britain's top World War II soldier, Field-Marshal Lord Alanbrooke, jotted down each night the events of the day, and his feelings and opinions about them, it was a most fortunate piece of disobedience. As Chief, Imperial General Staff, Alanbrooke was Churchill's closest military adviser, and was therefore in a position to know more about the Anglo-American conduct of the war than any other soldier except George C. Marshall, whose knowledge has gone with him to the grave.

Triumph in the West (Doubleday, $6.95) is the second and final part of Sir Arthur Bryant's history of the war, based on the Alanbrooke diaries. Bryant is a good and readable historian who has made excellent use of his material. As in the first volume (*The Turn of the Tide*), we are given Alanbrooke's daily entry, followed by his postwar reflections and Bryant's connecting narrative. Here, however, there is more of the former and less of the latter, which is all to the good, as we cannot get too much of Alanbrooke's contemporary commentary.

This volume covers the period from the invasion of Italy in September 1943 until Alanbrooke's retirement, a year after the war's end. The earlier volume was more exclusively military in content; the present one, although it covers the final great campaigns in both Europe and Asia, shows an ever-growing involvement in political concerns, as the looming Russian menace eclipsed the threat of a dying German Reich.

Alanbrooke's main difficulty was with his American allies. First, it was the struggle to implement a Mediterranean strategy, a necessary prelude to General Marshall's one strategic idea: cross-channel invasion. Then, it was the futile effort to induce the Allied Supreme Commander, General Eisenhower, to concentrate on the quickest possible defeat of Hitler's armies. Finally came the disputes over the seizure of political objectives in Europe.

Alanbrooke was a tough and persistent fighter for his ideas, and had been mainly responsible for the course of Allied strategy earlier in the war; but his strategic dominance faded as America's war effort surpassed Britain's. He did manage to win agreement for his Mediterranean venture, but half-hearted American support—and Churchill's meddling—wasted most of the advantages; and try as he would, Alanbrooke was never able to exert real influence on Ike's Crusade, even after it had so obviously bogged down. On the political side, the British faced an ever-growing Russo-American coalition; and despite the fact that Alanbrooke seems to have known better (see below), he too was guilty of opposing, on strictly military grounds, some of Churchill's frantic efforts to greet the Red Army as far to the east as possible. In the end, Alanbrooke more nearly shared his chief's view; but by then Attlee had taken over and was busily dissolving the Empire, while Stalin was consolidating gains that made Russia a greater threat than Germany had ever been.

Although Churchill, that most exasperating of men, provoked many a caustic diary comment, Alanbrooke absolves him in a postwar note: "I shall always look back on the years I worked with him as some of the most difficult and trying ones in my life. For all that, I thank God that I was given the opportunity of working alongside of such a man, and of having my eyes opened to the fact that occasionally such supermen exist on earth."

Not so with General Marshall,

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whom he thought of, then and later, as having little military perception or experience; nor General Eisenhower, of whom he wrote, "No real director of thought, plans, energy or direction. Just a coordinator, a good mixer . . ." Alanbrooke has not changed his opinion ("I should, in the light of all later experience, repeat every word of it"). In fact, only MacArthur, whom he watched from afar, gets undiluted praise ("MacArthur was the greatest general and best strategist that the war produced.").

But more interesting than Alanbrooke's account of his own actions, or his opinions of others, is the total effect of the book: the sum of day-by-day observations of a highly intelligent participant in great events.

FIELD-MARSHAL LORD ALANBROOKE. *". . . a highly intelligent participant in great events."*

We are all familiar enough with the broad outlines of the conflict. The diaries illuminate the inner struggles, and give the reader some roughcut gems, *e.g.*, the entry for July 27, 1944: "Should Germany be dismembered or gradually converted to an ally to meet the Russian threat of twenty years hence? I suggested the latter . . . Germany is no longer the dominating power in Europe—Russia is . . . unfortunately this must be done under the cloak of a holy alliance between England, Russia and America. Not an easy policy. . . ."

ALANBROOKE the stiff soldier, the sharp observer, the human being (who wrote these diaries as a continuous letter to his wife) evokes as much interest as the events he describes. It is absorbing reading, and this reviewer begs indulgence for one final quotation, taken from Alanbrooke's description of the Teheran meeting:

"On one occasion, when Winston was referring to political tendencies in England, he said that the whole political world was now a matter of 'tints' and that England could be said to have now quite a 'pink' look. Without a moment's hesitation Stalin snapped back, 'a sign of good health.' The President finished up by returning to the tint theme and said that the effect of this war would be to blend all those multitudinous tints, shades and colors into a rainbow where their individuality would be lost in the whole, and that this whole rainbow represented the emblem of hope. . . . Finally by 1:30 a.m., I was able to escape to bed."

If only we too could escape; for it is the same play. Only the actors have changed.

The Passing Scene

Et Tu, Mrs. Miniver

JOAN DIDION

IN A FLURRY of genteel publicity the *London Times Literary Supplement* not long ago produced a kind of monument to transatlantic misunderstanding: a special number, its first in five years, on what its editors seemed in good faith to think was The American Imagination. "Man's mind makes shorter work of the Atlantic than Comet or Boeing," says the *Times* by way of introduction, in a prose peculiar over here to Bryn Mawr undergraduates and fashion copywriters.

The eighty-four pages that follow this pronunciamento offer ample evidence that the Atlantic is still a long job, man's mind and BOAC notwithstanding. Most of the twenty-eight pieces, all unsigned in the *Times* tradition, are an indelibly British blend of gross clichés, vapidity, and startling misconceptions about the nature of American experience—one more round in that old Anglo-French game, Understanding America.

The *Times*, let it be understood at the outset, sees "grounds for hope in the American situation," one of the grounds being that "most of the presidential possibles in this year are college graduates and Governor Rockefeller of New York was, among other things, a distinguished soccer-player at Dartmouth." But Rocky is, as it were, a soccer-player in the wilderness. Because according to the *Times, mon semblable, mon frère,* you and I live in a wasteland left by Materialism and the "sinister results of McCarthyism," national blights which reach their apotheosis in that badland known in infamy from Brighton north as The American Mid-West.

The American Mid-West is where an architect referred to by the *Times* as "Lloyd Wright" did some building around the "roaring Yankee city" of Chicago—that's an Indian name, Chicago—and where the natives say quaint things like "visited with" when they mean "chatted with one's neighbor"; just as The American South is the place that "creates a schizophrenia in all thinking persons." That's all the geography anybody needs to know, although the *Times* does ask its readers to consider that America has "nearly enough desert to make a country as big as England," a conception of The American West that should for once render Walter Prescott Webb speechless, since the whole of Great Britain fits into the State of Nevada with some 15,000 square miles to spare. As one of our own boys, Allan Ginsberg, says in the *Times'* lead poem—and it's something of a surprise to see him in that particular slot—"money has reckoned the soul of America." (The poem is called "Death to Van Gogh's Ear." God alone knows what reckoned the soul of Mr. Ginsberg.)

After giving The Best Mind of Our Generation his say, the *Times* turns to Miami Beach, where one can "recognize above a mink stole the face of undeceived America." "Is it the great good place?" queries the *Times*, "the American Dream? The American hell?" No use your saying *hell no, just a little spa for the garment district*, because the *Times* had its an-

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swer ready all along: "Miami Beach, enshrining the reality within the American Dream . . . is in effect the ultimate creation of the world of American advertising." Dat Ole American Dream turns up again in the *Times'* observations on the hero in American films, a gentleman who "never appears to read anything"—imagine the absorbing fun to be had watching Rock Hudson read for a few hundred frames—"and has no interest whatsoever in anything that concerns the mind. His ambitions are puerile and his morals a mess . . ."

All of us, for that matter, are pretty messed up over here; one way that the *Times* caught on to "how disturbed and unsatisfied" Americans are was by observing the success of Lillian Roth's *I'll Cry Tomorrow*. America is, however, on the crest of a "new literate concern with the Deity," a phenomenon signified by the appearance of *J.B.* and *The Crucible* ("which can be seen now removed from the McCarthy context in which it was written"), as well as by the poems of "Peter Viereck, Phyllis McGinley, John Ciardi (poetry editor of the *Saturday Review* and a great influence on the younger men) and Robert Lowell." (Who can help marvelling at the mind that hit upon making Robert Lowell the fourth member of that particular quartet? Odd man out!)

The *Times* can always tell an American, "for all his optimism and material success," by the guilt he bears for The Indian. Indian-guilt is what westerns are all about, in case you had any doubt about that, and I think somebody—maybe Budd Schulberg—better get the word out to the fast guns. It does allow as how westerns have become "more complex and introspective" as America moved "out of the era in which she could rely to a great extent on the fact that British naval power was supreme"—which is an interesting interpretation that dates the "adult western" *circa* 1918.

THIS SPECIAL NUMBER is just as searchingly perceptive about other forms of American life. On politics: Catholicism is still Senator Kennedy's greatest handicap, "greater even than his eggheadedness, although he has written a book, and an excellent one at that." I guess you hadn't thought of Smilin' Jack as one of the minds of our time, but then you probably hadn't given much attention to Governor Rockefeller's soccer game, either. On art: the decline of social realism is due to "the fright given to intellectuals"—poor dears—"by McCarthyism, a spectre that has by no means vanished from the scene."

So it goes, for eighty-four pages (padded by some pretty pompous advertisements from American publishers), and the only opportunity passed by anywhere was by one writer who based a witticism *en passant* on his misapprehension that the Hotel Mark Hopkins in San Francisco was named for the end-of-a-log educator instead of for the robber-baron treasurer of the Central Pacific, thereby missing a pound-sterling chance to say something meaty about Materialism, Morality, and/or The American Dream, all at one crack. But that, after all, was inadvertent; everything considered, it was distinctly a *good show*.

Movies

Operation Ben-Hur

FRANCIS RUSSELL

THE CHARIOT RACE I should have picked was the one my Aunt Dorothy saw in 1903 at Portland's Jefferson Theater. It took carpenters six weeks to remodel the stage for the treadmills that alone cost *$15,000*. *Ben-Hur's* advance publicity hit the Maine seaport like a nor'easter. Such things had never been seen in Portland before—the shipwreck, the *hundreds* of dancing Roman maidens, the 25,000 candlepower shaft of light in the last scene to symbolize the appearance of Christ.

The climax was of course the race. When the two chariots, each with four horses, thundered down the treadmills as the panoramic background unrolled behind them, first Ben, then Messala, then finally Ben inching ahead, Aunt Dorothy said those chill state-of-Mainers stood up and cheered. The treadmills made so much noise you couldn't hear the drivers shouting—but you could smell the horses! Then there was that race in the Colonial Theater in Boston, unique in theatrical history, when a treadmill stuck and Messala (William S. Hart) won. I myself saw the 1926 silent film version with Ramon Novarro as a bug-eyed Ben-Hur and Francis X. Bushman as the villainous Messala. Beyond the chariot race I don't remember much. My most defined impression is still that climactic moment when Francis X. Bushman took his whip as the chariots surged round the curve and let Ramon have it right in the kisser.

But for the chariot race *Ben-Hur* would, I expect, be as forgotten now as the Biblical hit, *The Shepherd King*, that succeeded it at the Jefferson. The race has always been the peg on which to hang the rest of the melodrama. Without it I doubt if there would ever have been a silent film version, to say nothing of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's present $15,000,000 super-to-end-all-super production.

William Wyler's current *Ben-Hur* has the race to end all chariot races. In book reviewers' lingo this is the definitive edition. It lasts forty-seven minutes, and there are nine four-horse chariots (the book merely had six). I must admit that the thirty-foot statues in the *spina* around which the chariots whirled reminded me not

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so much of Imperial Rome as of the Fun House at Revere Beach, and I half-expected the ladies' togas to go flying up from some concealed air jet. But the race is still hair-raisingly exciting, even to those of us who haven't much hair left, as chariot after chariot is demolished and the drivers pulped into the sand of the arena in juicy red Technicolor. The balcony delegation behind me from Bridgewater High School did not cheer as Ben and Messala battled it out on the curve, but they did stop eating popcorn to applaud. The horses were really superb. In this multi-million-dollar version, too, Ben gets it in the kisser again.

The production statistics are formidable: five years of preparation; ten months of filming; 452 speaking roles; 25,000 extras; seventy-eight trained Yugoslavian horses; twelve camels; fifty galleys; nine chariots and nine spares; 100,000 costumes; the longest musical score ever produced for a motion picture; and 60,000 blossoms for the victory parade.

In general the screenplay by Karl Tunberg, "the only Hollywood author who was twice nominated as a Rhodes Scholar," follows the old stage outline, but the Victorian rhetoric has been put through the spin-dryer. Tunberg had the assistance of Maxwell Anderson, S. N. Behrman, Gore Vidal and Christopher Fry who was on the set in Rome throughout the production. I detect Mr. Fry's urbane hand in the taut realistic dialogue.

Before actually filming *Ben-Hur*, MGM conducted a depth survey to determine whether religion, spectacle or sex should receive the primary emphasis. Three sets of synopses from these three angles were submitted to large numbers of people. Religion won hands down, with spectacle second and Lady Chatterley third.

Once MGM had box-scored religion, "leading Catholic, Protestant and Jewish authorities" were appointed to the studio research team. The representatives of the Big Three have done their job so thoroughly that it is a little difficult now to determine whether Ben-Hur is Christian, Jewish or merely a member of the Ethical Culture Society. When Lew Wallace agreed to the original stage production in 1899 he stipulated that Christ should not appear either in face or form. In the present *Ben-Hur*, contrary to Wallace's wise provision, Christ does appear. His face is not revealed nor does he speak, but he is shown as a vague androgynous Vincian figure. Even at this, the effect is embarrassing. MGM would have done better to stick to the old 25,000 candlepower beam.

Why another unveiling of the fusty turn-of-the-century melodrama? The practical answer is of course to make money for MGM. And I have no doubt that the fifteen million will be at least doubled. There are enough gawkers in America and the world who will want to see the climaxes of the chariot race and the sea-battle as well as the Roman triumph—though why a victory over Macedonian pirates in the days of Tiberius should be worth the triumph of a conqueror of Gaul is a problem that both Lew Wallace and MGM have had to leave for the ages. Not only is the sea-battle a realistic and spectacular panorama, but the wide shots of the Mediterranean from the new Camera 65's are of extraordinary beauty. So are the scenes filmed in the mountain regions of Aricanazzo. The prelude of the nativity, like a Bavarian Christmas card, almost convinces.

To sum it up, the streamlined *Ben-Hur* is a monument of tastelessness done for the most part with extremely good taste. The squads of actors are competent and well-chosen for their parts. Charlton Heston, abandoning his Moses whiskers of *The Ten Commandments*, plays Ben lustily and convincingly. The Israeli newcomer Haya Harareet in the wooden role of Esther is as enchanting as her Sabra accent. Pontius Pilate (Frank Thring) and Tiberius (the old veteran George Ralph) play their parts as if they were in a Shaw revival. Director Wyler has culled his accents carefully. The Romans speak modified BBC, the Jews a neutral modified American. Authenticity has gone to such lengths that in the patrician party scene the extras are bona fide Italian aristocrats.

Well, a lot of money has produced a lot of scenery, to say nothing of over 200 miles of film. Now if only MGM, with such a cast and all the accessories assembled there in Rome, could have worked in the chariot race, the sea-battle and the triumph, tossed *Ben-Hur* out altogether, sent Karl Tunberg on a scholarship to Oxford and let Christopher Fry write a story of his own—what a picture they might have had!

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To the Editor

The Bang-Jensen File

Thank you sincerely for your editorial [December 19] on the very unclosed file of the late Povl Bang-Jensen. May I follow up and demand with utmost insistence that the police open its books and answer the many questions you raised?

All the people who knew Povl Bang-Jensen exclude suicide. The facts which have been reported by the press do not represent proof of suicide. . . . It is obvious that there has been a well-arranged murder. The MVD may be proud of its latest achievement. . . .

Unless a full report will be made, I and many people with me will conclude that there exists another conspiracy to withhold the truth from the American nation, as was so successfully done by the U.S. delegation in the UN when it betrayed Povl Bang-Jensen at the time he was "judged" by the UN.

Brooklyn, N.Y. NILS A. DE VREESE

The final tragedy of Mr. Bang-Jensen is how, at his death, his supporters proved as hopelessly ineffectual as during his life.

NATIONAL REVIEW publishes an editorial raising all sorts of terribly logical arguments about what might have happened. Yet where were its editors when the news of his death became public? Did they storm the police headquarters seeking the truth? Did they question, badger, bother and raise public interest in the question?

Yet see the contrast when a Liberal cause is raised. Editorialists, writers and others rant and storm, question, probe and raise all kinds of general hell, getting their issue before the public eye, so that a close scrutiny becomes possible and such a prompt cremation would be blatantly suspect.

Dewitt, N.Y. P. J. MCGRADY

Not Crete before World War I

Mr. Francis Russell, in his review of *He Who Must Die* [December 5], rightly calls the film a masterpiece. It was indeed adapted from Nikos Kazantzakis' story of a Cretan village, but the scene of the picture play is Asia Minor, during the Greco-Turkish War of 1921. If this discrepancy had been noted in any magazine other than NATIONAL REVIEW I would have been tempted to assume it is the same old sad song all over again; the book and motion picture reviewers review each others' reviews and see only the press releases, never the book or motion picture. . . .

Houston, Texas WAYNE G. SLIFE

Mr. Parmentel Again

This time you've gone too far. For the past three years I've been a faithful, though silent, supporter of NATIONAL REVIEW, but with the arrival of Noel E. Parmentel Jr. on the scene, the time for speaking out has come.

For two successive issues [November 21, December 5] we readers have been exposed to Mr. Parmentel's "style," a combination of superficiality and aimless venom that seems to be characteristic of the current crop of "Angry Young Men." Admittedly, the man has wit, but it is the easily acquired wit of the iconoclast: whatever facet of life or society confronts him, he's against it. His snide and cynical comments are good for an occasional chuckle, but little else.

Mr. Parmentel's attitude and approach are very similar to the attitude and approach of Mort Sahl, the resident nihilist in the Liberal camp. What is he doing in NATIONAL REVIEW?

Rochester, N.Y. LEO J. KESSELRING

I should like to read other material written by Mr. Noel Parmentel Jr. Anybody who can write such a very effective and discerning article as "Boo Hoo" [November 21] seems to me to have a rare talent. The Van Doren episode calls for writing with

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acid, and Mr. Parmentel's acid cut deep and straight to the mark. I don't know when I've so thoroughly enjoyed reading a two-page article. . . .

Balboa, Cal. JOHN HENRY RUSSELL

Methinx Noel E. Parmentel Jr.'s article "Chix, Kix, Pix Nix" [December 5] stinx.

I was present at New Yorkers For Nixon headquarters, and found the workers, the literature, the general attitude on a par with that of every other political headquarters I've ever visited. The use of horseplay, publicity gimmicks, almost painfully extroverted college girls, is all Standard Operating Political Procedure. If New Yorkers For Nixon is not blatantly Republican, it's because they're a nonpartisan citizens' committee, set up to wring votes out of every party. . . .

I trust that Mr. Parmentel will now infiltrate Rockefeller headquarters where an angel chorus probably regales the faithful with "Don't Knock the Rock" and "For He's a Jolly Good Rockefeller." . . .

Elmhurst, N.Y. LIONEL LOKOS

Why an Affadavit?

In his article on the loyalty oath controversy [December 5], Mr. Buckley states: "Loyalty oaths of this general kind tend to be of little practical use in protecting the state against subversion. Subversives tend not to hesitate to swear falsely." This argument is demonstrably false. Since Alger Hiss and William Remington were convicted for perjury, Communists have consistently refused to sign non-Communist affidavits.

Until the *Kent* and *Dayton* cases were handed down by the United States Supreme Court in 1958, all applicants for U.S. passports were required to sign a non-Communist affidavit similar to the oath required by the National Defense Education Act. After the Supreme Court ruled that the State Department could no longer make this requirement, immediately some 700 Communists and pro-Communists applied for and received U.S. passports. These same 700 persons had not dared to apply for a U.S. passport while the non-Communist affidavit was required, because they feared a perjury charge. The non-Communist affidavit served as an effective instrument in preventing Communists and fellow travelers from taking secret messages to their Communist superiors abroad, from going to the Lenin School of Political Warfare for advanced training in espionage, sabotage and subversion, and from returning with instructions and propaganda to deceive our people. The non-Communist affidavit required by the National Defense Education Act is just as effective in preventing Communists and fellow travelers from receiving a college education at the taxpayers' expense, and thereby gaining access to important scientific information.

The chief reason why there is such clamor to repeal the loyalty oath and the non-Communist affidavit from the National Defense Education Act is because they are of proven practical value in protecting the state against subversion.

Alton, Illinois PHYLLIS SCHLAFLY

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